AVLVS PERSIVS FLACCVS

HIS

SATIRES TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH,

BY

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and Student of Christ-Church
in Oxford.

Hinc tribe quæ dicas, mensamq; relinque Mycenis
Cum capite & pedibus——.

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TO THE READER.

IVdicious Reader (for to Thee as to a Iuſt Patrone, I make my Dedication) with the trueſt ingenuity I ſubmit theſe my endeavours, the not-vnprofitable recreations only of ſeverer ſtudies. To excite thy attention, I may without ambition ſay it is a New thing, *Perſius* Vnderſtood. When firſt I entertained the attempt, I was oppoſed by ſeeming-inſuperable difficulties: The labouring to Apprehend, to Expreſſe the ſenſe of my Author: the reconciling of contrarie expoſitions: the finding out the order of his paſſages, grounded on a naturall, but much concealed dependancy of his precedent and ſubſequent matter: the endeavoring to render him with brevity, perſpicuity and his Owne Strength: Laſtly the amputation of vnneceſſarie Criticiſmes of ſome Interpreters, from whom on juſt reaſon I ſometimes depart.

And that in this point I may ſtand cleare from the private ſurmiſe of ſome racite cenſurer: I will

ſhew vnto thee, among many, two only of their curioſities, and thoſe in the front of the worke.

The firſt is about the word *Prolui*, which ſome would haue to be heere vſed, to ſignifie that the Poet had modeſtly wet his lippes in *Hippocrene*, but never endrench'd them, or dranke deep thereof. I graunt that the word in the originall Can beare that ſenſe; but that it doth in This place, I confidently denie. And ſtand confirmed by this reaſon: becauſe the Poet ſatirically Derideth thoſe, that attributed the faculty of poetrie to ſo inſufficient and vaine a cauſe, as the drinking of that Well was. (He himſelfe afterwards confeſſing, ironically, his Owne skill to be Conſtrained: howſoever, not proceeding from ſo Fond a cauſe;) and therefore in the like ſort preſently after, he ſaith (if the Critiques had obſerved it) that He never ſlept on *Parnaſſus*: which was alſo helde as another cauſe of the poetique faculty. Where, with reaſon, as good as theirs, one might ſay, He never ſlept Soundly or Snorted on that hill, but had lightly taken a gentle nap. The parts of the ſimilitude hold an equall proportion: and then I referre the ridiculous curioſity to the ſecret ſmile of the Iudicious.

The ſecond is about the next word *Caballino*: with which, according to Their expoſition, the epither

epithet which in my translation I giue to *Pegasus*, may seeme somewhat to straine curtesie: inasmuch as it implyeth the swiftnesse (and so by cõsequent the praise) of the horse, to which it is (iustly) applyed: when as They would haue it to be vsed in the disgrace of the vaine Poets, which are heere derided. Deriving so the ignominie of the word *Caballus* from the Well to the persons: implying Them to be base packe-horse poets. A pretty, but imposed meaning, if farther enquired into. For if the poet vse this word especially for that reason, it might seeme (me thinkes) that he did forget what horse he himselfe meant: there being as great difference betweene *Pegasus* a winged horse, and *Caballus* a packe-horse, as well-nigh could bee betweene two creatures of one kind. But if they once come to Coniectures, I may assume the like libertie to interpose Mine also; And then I Could thinke (which, I wonder, the Critiques did not see) that the poet vsed this word before others, for a most naturall & strong reason drawne from the *Etymologie* of the word *Caballus*; which, as *Isidore* in his *Originals* hath it, *Lib.* 12. *cap.* 1. is deriued, *à cavando: propter quòd gradiens vngulâ impressâ terram concavet, quod reliqua animalia non habent*; And then who seeth not how excellently the history of *Pegasus* is in-

timated in this word? This *Etymologie* is much ſtrengthened by the letter v changed into b. For in the Moderne languages which haue drawne their originall from the *Latine*, we ſee the v ſtill retained, as in the Italian and Spaniſh *Cavallo*, and in the French *Cheval*; and which may be obſerued, Theſe words in none of theſe Moderne languages imply any diſgrace, but are generally attributed to all horſes; Nay, from theſe words are drawne Titles of Dignity, as *Cavaliero*, in the Italian, *Chevalier* in the French, and *Cavallero* in the Spaniſh.

But (that I may follow thē no farther in theſe their wandring ſpeculations) to ſpeake freely: I thinke the Poet neither thought as They thinke, nor as I ſhew how I Could thinke, and thinke as well as They. I am perſwaded that more is picked out of theſe Poets, then they themſelues ever meant. For indeed when a Satiriſt, through the heat of his loue to vertue, is ſet on fire to ſee the deſperate ſecuritie of prophaneſſe: the fury of his paſſion doth ſo tranſport him: that there is no time left for the placing or diſplacing, chooſing or reiecting of ſome particular word, but as moſt commonly their paſſions are vneven, rough, and furious: ſo is that alſo which they write being in this poeticall perturbation.

The

The difficulties which I haue heere ſet downe, were by my peculiar affection to This Author, at laſt all ouercome. I haue not herein bound my ſelfe with a ferulary ſuperſtition to the letter: but with the ancient libertie of a Tranſlator, haue vſed a moderate paraphraſe, where the obſcuritie did more requite it: yet ſo, that with all conuenient poſſibilitie, I ſticke vnto his Words. To haue added Large annotations, had beene but to tranſcribe a Commentarie or a Dictionary. Such briefe ones notwithſtanding, as without which, the ſenſe could not be ſufficiently explicate, yet could not bee well inſerted into the text; with all compendious perſpicuitie I haue adiected in the margin; prefixing Arguments to euery Satire.

From the affected obſcuritie, wherewith this Author hath hitherto laboured, I cannot altogether quitte him, yet doubtleſſe, it in part, proceeded from the want of Libertie, which in his deſperate times, was altogether loſt; though, I confeſſe, He durſt ſay Somewhat.

As for My labours: I much abhorre ſo ſickly an impotencie, as to ouerweane my ſelfe with a conceit of mine owne worke; though, if my beſt friends tell me truth, It may beare a Iudge. But howſoeuer; If the truly Iudicious (who are al-

waies attended with Perſpicacitie, & a Milde Cẽſure that true exciter of promiſing ingenuities) ſhall courteouſly accept it: I am Crown'd: and hauing thus finiſhed this worke of an Others inuention, I may be excited to a ſecond and more liberall attempt of mine Owne.

But if any Left-handed *Pythagorians* (who enforce Writers now a dayes as the Ancients did their Comœdians, to vſe in ſtead of Prologues expreſſing their argumẽts, Apologies againſt the malicious) ſhal finiſterly accept, what is courteouſly offered: I only wiſh thẽ the other Good quality of the *Pythagorians*, *Silẽce*. For the overſights which I may be Perchance convinced of (as the pureſt eie ſeeth not its owne blemiſhes, but by reflection) I wil, being ſhewed them, with free ingenuity confeſſe: and doubt not of pardon; having two ſo good ſolliciters in the eie of any but moderately courteous; Mine Owne Infancy (in reſpect of any Maturity of iudgement) & the vnacquainted Difficulty of my attempt. To haue committed No faults in my Tranſlation, had bin to Tranſlate My Selfe, and put off Man.

What other faultes Detracters woulde Make (by their Owne Reading, or Interpretation) let them know, they are committed not out of Ignorance, but Election, after a iuſt conſulta-

tion

tion with more then a * Dozen Expositers. But why doe I in the Indiscretion of Too-much humilitie prostrate my endeavors to the Tyranny of the Ignorant; who stand Herein so Many degrees below the faculty of Iudging cẽsurers? If any in the procacity of baser malice (raised commonly from a despaire of Imitation) shall proceede farther vnto contumelies: I shall not need, as some doe (though I approue Their course also) to arme my selfe with a confidence of Religion; I will not put it to the stresse: nor against the stroake of so leaden a sword, vse the protection of so golden a shield. A little assum'd Stoicisme shall serue the turne; and with a Secure Contempt, I'le let them Scoule alowd Vnheard. *Farewell.*

* *Cornutus.*
Author veterum Glossarũ.
Murmellius.
Vinetus.
Pithoeus.
Marcilius.
Foquelinus.
Tornorupæus.
Lubinus.
Casaubonus.
Frischlinus.
Bondus.
Farnabius.

Thine

BARTEN HOLYDAY.

A LETTER OF A IVDICIOVS FRIEND requested by the Authour to deliver his censure on his translation.

Mr. B. H. I haue read your smooth translation of rough *Persius*, and send it home to you with my Censure (such as you wish) ingenuously free. I will deale Iustly with you Now, Friendly at Other times. In My judgement, when you conuersed in this familiar and friendly manner with *Persius* his Satires, your witte stooped farre below the elevation of its owne worth. But as *Scaliger* said of *Claudian* and his works, *Solo argumento ignobiliore oppressus addit de ingenio, quantum deest materiæ* (:*Lib. 6. cap. 5. Poetic.*:) So I of You and Your Poem; Whatsoeuer is meane in your Author, is (mee thinkes) so choicely adorned by Your *Genius*: that if it stand out of the presence of Ignorance or Desperate Emulation, it may bee Gracefull. Which I doe more hartily affirme, because you haue Chastised your Poet with modest, yet significant termes; where some ranke-breathed Interpreter would haue rendred him with a strong sauour of lasciviousnesse. I know not now, what should stay You from sending it abroad, or Others from giuing it welcome entertainment. If Old *Persius* were euer worth the hauing: Yours, I doubt not, will bee thought Well worth the reading; yet looke for Other censures, and Neglect them. Farewell.

Your louing friend,

IOHN LEY.

DArke Persius, Ambrose *threw thy booke on ground*
With indignation, 'cause 'twas so profound:
But now in fathers *roome a* child *is sprung,*
That reades thy Satires in a vulgar tounge.
No Ambrose, *yet with ambrose to be fed,*
That could so wisely track, where thou couldst tred,
He takes away thy vaile, and makes that line
Transalpine, which the Romans *would confine:*
Now let thy wandring shadowe freely roaue,
And seeke great place in the Elisian *groaue,*
Where since theres store of bay, for him one knit,
That makes the looser Brytaines *feare thy wit.*
Needes must his owne *inventions* radiant *be,*
That casts such beames *through* thy opacitie.
Hence forth (bright Holyday) *to change refuse*
Thine Owne Terpsichore, *with Translated Muse.*

In *Latio* latuit *Saturnum* filius: *Aulum*
Sic poterat soboles ista latere suum;
Ante tuas (*Holydaie*) faces, hac luce refulget
Pluribus, & cæco, tectior ante, patri.
Gymnasiarcha, puer, festivus ludat vterq;:
Per *Festum* vobis otia quanta diem?

Nunquam *Pegaseas* libavit *Persius* vndas, Nec fonte &c,
Aut clausit docto lumina pigra iugo. Nec in bic: &c,
Nempe *tibi*, fontem laticesq; & culmina *Phœbus*
Servarat: pleno dum satur ore mades.
Quidve *Aulus* traheret? cum sic *Helicona* refundas,
Vt natet *Angligenis Itala Musa labris.*

Δαῖδα λέγω ἢ δαῖτα μέλος πόρφυρι μενοῖνα
Δαῖδα σκοτισθεῖσιν δαῖτα βλέποντι σαφῶς.

IOHN WALL.

VP-

VPON THE HAPPY TRANSLATION of the most difficult Satirist, performed by his deare friend Mr B. H.

I Sing the Conquest, which an English rime,
With all its force ne're wonne before This Time,
Who thought that there would extant be the Man
That such stiffe, sullen, hardy Romans can
Subdue, and with an hand learnedly fierce,
Bind in the fetters of a Britane verse.
Yet here is one that doth: But not as those
That * changed shapes, and wandring Trojans chose
For to translate, with lines a mile in length, Ovid. Met.
Or Paraphrase that tires. Such is His strength Virg. Æneid.
And strictnesse, he his Author without wrong
Lodges in prisons but of five foot long.
Some I have knowne, that did Attempt the same
Which that they Durst, it was their Greatest fame,
But it was He, that could disdaine to stay
At this praise Margent, only to Assay:
He with impetuous and all-conquering wit
That only had the power to finish it.
For had They don't, I knowe they must have left
Their graver studies, and have filcht with theft
Guiltie of two much sacrilege, more howres,
Then time would loose; or else those sister powers
Invoke to lend them Others lives, to plucke
A vessell with such Remora's beflucke
To wished shoare. But as for Him, with strange
And easie hast, he did his Roman change
Without complaint of time: No serious part
Of learning murmur'd, that he did impart

Howres

Howres to the worke. For all this was begot
(I speake my conscience) *when it was his lot*
To be at truce with studie. Then iudge you
That shall vpon his happy paines, a view
Bestow, that neve the Muses Holydaies
Or times of leasure, were with greater Praise,
Or Thrift, or Busnesse spent: and likewise since
He conquer'd hath so fierce a Latin *Prince*
Vnto the Rimes and Phrases of Our tongue:
Decree that bayes vnto his brow belong.

A. WHITE.

TO HIS KIND FRIEND Mr *B. H.* Vpon his *Persius.*

AS if in travailes farre ingag'd, at last
Return'd, I gratulate thy labours past.
But when vnto thy waies I turne mine eye
Dangers obscur'd with dangers I espie.
I think't a taske too great for humane sleights,
Vngraueld or vndasht to passe those streights.
Admiring thy chast notes, in which vnharmd
The Syrens *lustfull language thou hast charmd.*
That Art I loue, when as 'gainst faith of sence
By sence of faith I see things slowe from thence.
Nor doe I (like to his ore wheeling braine)
Persius *still a cloud imbrace in vaine;*
This's the substance giues vice the fatall blowe
The others thunder few to feare doe knowe.
On envy, summon all the vices spight:
Better they should be Conquer'd then not Fight.

R. WELDON.

VN

VNTO HIS LOVING FRIEND
Mr B. H. vpon *Persius* translated.

THis worke me thinkes makes my conjecture bold
T' affirme th' Athenians paradox is true,
When by yeares revolution I behold
Men dead reviue, things long since old, grow new:
For should dead Rome awake, and those loose times
Which feard and felt this scourging Satirist,
Shee might againe in vs Review her crimes;
As fertile is Our age. Nor hath it mist
The worst of all Her ills. Vainely we thought
Thy ashes (Persius) Slept within thine vrne:
Feard not thy lash: hop't negligence had wrought
Thy lines worse Funerall: and at length would turne
All to obscuritie; For how few did striue
T' enlighten thy darke phrase, vnlesse some vice
Made an acute bad comment: So to thriue
And purchase perspicuitie, is a price
Thou would'st haue griev'd to giue. Yet since in ill
We haue ore'tane past times: I must reioyce
That Constant industrie should get such skill
As to tell vs our bad in Persius voice:
Whom now All vnderstand: all may endure,
To read, but Such as would their crimes obscure.

Annus Platonicus.

T. GOFFE.

TO THE AVTHOR HIS most loued friend.

VVHat None haue Dar'd, Thou hast; and might'st againe
With praise, were it vndar'd. Dar'st thou abstaine

Yet

Yet longer, none would dare Thee to Prevent;
If any; what could breed thy more Content
Then, when by victorie, thy glory should
Be doubled: yea, although recall some could,
From fields of rest, thy Persius to consult:
Yet would no lesse praise from thy lines result,
Then that Vnparalel'd, which now is due
From those that read thee. Who when they shall view
How Truly with thine Author thou dost pace
How hand in hand yee goe, what equall grace
Thou dost with him observe in every tearme:
They cannot, but, if iust, iustly affirme:
That did your Times as doe your Lines agree;
He might be thought to haue translated Thee;
But that he's Darker, not so Strong: Wherein
Thy Greater art more clearely may be seene;
Which dost thy Persius *cloudy stormes display*
With lightning and with thunder; Both which lay
Couched perchance in him, but wanted force
To breake, or light from darknesse to divorce;
Till Thine Exhaled skill compress'd it so,
That forc'd the clouds to breake, the light to shew,
The thunder to be heard. That now each child
Can prattle what was meant: whil'st Thou art stil'd
Of all, with titles of true dignitie,
For Lofty Phrase, and Perspicuitie.

I. KNIGHT.

TO

TO THE AVTHOR HIS very good friend.

RE-liuing Perſius, *Daies-Birth, Heire of Fame:*
I wrong not Perſius, *giuing Thee His name;*
If any, I wrong Thee: for what He did
Had'ſt Thou him not Illuſtred, had beene hid.
This *being but thy* Pedeſtall *of praiſe,*
Oh what a Pyramis *will thy* Next *worke raiſe?*
True Laureat, with bleſt Omens goe thou on;
All-imitable, imitating none.
I ſpeake not this (nor need'ſt thou it) of Favour.
But as one conſcious of thy Great workes labour.
My tongue was never oil'd i' th' baſe clawe-art:
In Others read thou Wit, in Me my Heart.

W. W.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND Mr *B. H.* vpon his iudicious tranſlation of *Perſius.*

VVHat lay impriſon'd, and confin'd alone
Only to deeper apprehenſion;
Thy more benigne, ſublim'd, tranſcendent wit
Hath reacht, and conquer'd, and imparted it.
And giu'n't to all, which makes it more thine owne
Since all are heires of that invention.
Nor doth one iot, ſo ſweet congruitie,
Adulterate the Latin *chaſtitie.*
All things conſerv'd, ſo terſe, ſo nothing loſt

As if thou didſt conſult with th' Authors Ghoſt;
Such height, ſuch ſacred indignation
As ſeemes a Perſius, *no Tranſlation.*
On, learned Quill; thus vindicate thy name
From times proud Iniurie, Traytor to fame:
Nor ſuffer yet, that Italy *ſo long*
Should make her Vice ſpeake Engliſh, *not her Tong.*
Whip backe her baſtards, ſend them home to Rome,
Let her that was their parent, be their tombe.
Meane while I dare Congratulate our Crimes
Made Happy that they could produce Theſe Rimes.

T. G.

AVLVS PERSIVS FLACCVS.

The Prologue.

Argument.

Need and not Inspired skill
Makes our Author trie his quill.

My lippes did neuer touch the spring
Of the wing'd horse: nor can I bring
To minde, that e're I dream'd vpon
Two-topt Parnassus, *that thereon*
I might be Inspir'd, and so Vp-start
A Poet by Infused art.
And all the Muses *that doe dwell*
About pale Pirene, *and the well*
Of Helicon, *to Those I leaue,*
Vnto whose statues browes doth cleaue
The Iuy-greene incircling Crowne.
In humblenesse I halfe a Clowne
Doe only bring this my rude line,
Vnto Apollo's *sacred shrine,*
Yet blame me not for my bold deed:
Alas! I write enforc'd by a *need.*
Who taught the Parrot his kinde Haile?
Who taught the Pie so to prouaile

a A satirical Ironie. *Persius* was a Knight of *Rome* of sufficient wealth.

To frame Our words? 'Twas but to fill
Their belly, master of their skill;
Which skilfull is to make them reach
Voices, which Nature cannot teach.
Nay; if there chance to shine but sume
Hope, of deceitfull Gaine to come:
Crow-poets and poetique Pies
You'd thinke did chaunt sweet ãyries;
And make (when as they harshly Crie)
A Pegaseian Melodie.

SATIRE. 1.

THE FIRST SATIRE IN forme of a Dialogue.

The Speakers.

PERSIVS, MONITOR.

Argument.

Inſpired poets Art and Pride
Our Satiriſt doth heere deride.

P. O Cares of men! O emptie Vanitie
Of things! *M.* who'l read theſe Wondring Satires?
Doſt Thou ſay ſo my Friend? *M.* Faith I thinke none.
P. How ſaiſt thou? None? *M.* Perchance ſome two, or- *P.* None?
M. Tis hard. *P.* Yet why? Leaſt *Rome's* [b] *Polydamas*
And doutie *Troians* ſhould preferre the aſſe
[c] *Labeo* before Mee? Tuth; their falſe doome

[a] *Out of the too abundant varietie of the interpunctions of theſe three verſes following, I could find none more accurate, then this I haue extracted, and here vſed.* [b] *Ironically here the Poet cals* Nero Polydamas *who is much famouſed by* Homer *in diverſe places for his vertue, yea and compared with* Hector. Iliad. μ. [c] *A ridiculous Poet, that tranſlated fiue bookes of* Homers Iliads *into verſe, word for word, with extreame obſcuritie, and no leſſe abſurditie.*

Is but a trifle. If disturbed *Rome*
Prowdly sleight any thing, scorne to descend
To Their Vaine censure: neither striue to mend
The tongue of thy false ballance in Their scale
Which is as wrong: but if thou 'dst never faile
Knowe This: *To trie thy secret innocence,*
The surest witnesse is thy conscience.
For Who is Not at *Rome*? O that I might
But freely speake, yet speake no more then Right,
And So I May. Then, when I cast mine eie
On those whose Faces promise Gravitie:,
On our sad *Stoicks*: on the things we doe
Since we left off to play with nurs: and view
Our actions, when we labour much to be
Sterne Vnkles. Then! then! But, oh, pardon me,
I will not touch. Yet can I hold my peace
Vrg'd Thus? & from revenge so Iust, Thus cease?
I'me of a Scoffing spleene. I Loue to Flout
At Hypocrites: therefore it now Must out.
Then Thus.

Being immur'd from each mans sight
In some obscure retired place, we write
Some, ev'n-pac'd numbers, *Some* freefooted prose,
Some weighty thing, which th' Author strongly blowes
From his large-winded lungs. For he rehearses
Vnto the people straight his well-pen'd verses;
His haire being first kemb'd smooth, and then he dight,
In a faire comely garment fresh and white,
Wearing some precious jewell, which some friend
On's birth-day to him for a gift did send,
With moist'ning syrrope hauing clear'd his throat
Apt Now to sound it in a various note.
Then is he reading in a seat on high,

Dissolu'd vnto a lustfull *Acting* eye,
Where thou maist see ev'n those that beare the name
Of *Rome's* braue *Tits*(but vnto their shame)
To Shake with trembling lust,and to reioice
Obscenely,with a broken skreaking voice
When a leud line their inward loines doth pearce,
And touch them with a Lust-provoking verse.
But Thou Old Dotard,dost Thou striue to feed
Other men's eares?nay, Theirs who without heed
Or moderate discretion praise thee so,
That(skinne-peel'd Asse!)thy selfe dost first cry ,Hoe?
[a] Why did I learne vnlesse this leauen here
Inbred,this strong wild-figtree *should* appeare?
And from its seate the liuer breaking forth
Shew to the world its own,though vnknowne,worth?
P.O see ambitious paleneſſe ! see Old age ! [d] *Here the Poet*
At such corrupted times Who could not rage? *faineth a reply*
Think'st thou,thou nothing knowst, if it be so, *of this old am-*
That others knowne not,that thou this dost knowne? *bitious poet de-*
[e] O but tis braue to heare men cry,*See,see;* *fending him-*
And pointing with their fingers,say,*That's he.* *selfe.*
Say you 'had a poeme which so smoothly runs, [e] *A second*
That 'twere for lectures read to great mens sons, *reply.*
Braue lads with curled locks,like gold so yellow:
Would not you thinke your selfe a pretty fellow?
P.O that's not all! See,our *Romulidæ*
Prophane our sacred poems with foule hands!
Reading,amidst their bowles, poems divine,
Being full vp to the throat with flesh and wine,
Where if forsooth one clad in purple cloth's,
Snaffle some mustie stuffe through's muffling nose
Melting forth faire *Hypsipyle's* sad song
Or *Phyllis* fortune with a moist'ned tong

Or ſome ſuch tales which poetrie affordes
His daintie palate tripping forth his wordes,
The Men aſſent! And are not th'aſhes then
Of this Rare poet bleſt? Thus man of men
Hath he not now a [f] lighter mole of earth
Gently preſſing his bones? A gen'rall mirth
Enſues: the gueſts with hands & voices ring
His due applauſe; And ſhall there not now ſpring
Ev'n from his *Manes*, from the hollow wombe
Of his thriſe-happy vrne-incloſing tombe
Sweet Violets? But, Oh, ſaies one, you touch
Too ſcoffingly, wringing your noſe Too much.
For doth there breath a man that can reiect
A gen'rall praiſe? and his Owne lines neglect?
Lines worth immortall Cedars recompence,
Nere fearing new-ſold Fiſh or Frankincenſe?
Well; whoſoe're thou art whom I did make
But now, the Adverſe part to vndertake;
When I my ſelfe doe write, if from my braine
Doe flow by greateſt chance ſome happie ſtraine
(For tis by chance) My heart is not ſo hard
So hornie, as to feare the due reward
Of deſeru'd fame. Only I doe denie
The Scope of vertuous actions to lie
In thy *O braue*! *O fine*! for ſearch but this
Thy *O fine*! and within it What Not is?
No; in Theſe papers knowe thou ſhalt not find
Labeo's helleborated lines confin'd

Too

[f] *The Ancient Ethniques did vſe to pray that the tombe-ſtones of their dead friends might be light vnto them; becauſe they beleeued that their* Manes *or ſoules remained in their ſepulchers, and were ſenſible of ſuch accidents. They held likewiſe the ſpringing of flowers from the graue of a deceaſed friend, an argument of his happineſſe.*

Too superstitiously to Words: nor weake
Loue-elegies, such as *Rome's* Nobles speake;
Whose judgement, like their ouercharged maw,
Wants strong concoctions heat, & is Yet raw,
Briefly whatse're on g Citrean beds is writ,
We hence exclude as th' excrement of wit.
Thou dost some dish of good hot meat prouide
For some poore wretch (whose bellie's his tongues guide)
Or to thy quaking foll'wer thou dost cast
Thy thread-bare cloake (which could no longer last)
Then thus thou speak'st. You know eu'n from my youth
I hated lies, now therefore tell me truth.
Of mee (P. Can He tell truth? Wilt let Me speake?
Thou trifleſt (bald-pate asse!) and thy skill's weake?
Seeing a fat hogge-trough-panch before thee struts
Full Eighteene inches with a Loade of guts.
O blessed *Janus!* happy is Thy lucke!
Behind h thy back, whom never Storkes bill strucke:
At whom no nimble finger'd hand being fram'd
Like asses white eares, euer Yet was aim'd:
Nor so much tongue thrust forth in a base flout
As an *Apulian* bitch for thirst lils out.
You O *Patrician* blood whose heads are blind

I'th-

g *The* Romans *had their* lecti lucubratorij *on which they studied, and* tricliniares, *on which they eate: the latter are rather vnderstood in this place, for he principally speaketh against the verses they writ amongst their cupps.* h *Three manner of flouts were vsed by the Ancients. The first was with their hand to make a Storkes bill, their fingers being all collected together, and then let out with a flurt. The second was to put their thumbs to the temples of their heads, and then wagge their fingers like asses eares, which within are somewhat white. The third was to lill out their tongues, like dogges in the heate of summer, especially in hot countries, such as is* Apulia *a region in* Italie.

I'th'hinder part, preuent a scorne behind.)
What do men say ?[i] That now your verses flow [i] *The answere*
In a soft-number'd pace both sweet and slow, *of the flatterer*
Whose well-smooth'd parts are so exactly join'd
That the seuerest naile can neuer find
The least vnev'nesse. O sayes one, he makes
A verse, as he that his true levell takes,
Shutting one eye, for to direct his line,
Which drawing, with red oaker he doth signe.
Whether he scourge with his deepe-wounding rimes
The delicate soft manners of the times,
Or th'impious banquets of reuenging Kings:
Our Poets *Muse* can well expresse great things.
P. I. You shall see a fellow dare assay
To write Heroicke acts, who th'other day
But trifel'd out some Fables of small worth
In scarce true *Greeke*: whose skill cannot paint forth
A pleasant selfe-describing Grove's delights;
Nor praise the full-stor'd Country, that ev'n writes
The storie of its Owne aboundant store;
Where fruits and fire-wood and the fat'ned Boare
Are neuer wanting; where the shepheards feast
Sacred to *Pales* is, t'expell the beast
That hates the lambe: where shepheards on that day
Are purged in a fire of smoaking hay. [k] *Q. Cincinnatus.*
Whence *Remus* sprung: where ([k] *Quintius*) thou wast borne,
And where thy plow-share was in furrowes worne;
When as thy wife trembling with joy and feare,
Made thee the great *Dictators* roabes to weare
Before thine Oxen, and to leaue them Now,
Making the *Lictor* carrie home thy plow.
Behold then this braue Poet!

Some there are

To

To whom [l] *Briſeas Labeo's* booke ſeemes rare:
Whoſe lines ſwell like full Veines. Others deſire
Pacuvius, whom much they doe admire,
And loue often to reade, and ev'n to ſtay
Vpon his knottie harſh *Antiopa*;
Whoſe woefull heart was nouriſhed with greefe,
The Depth of ſorrow yeelding Some releefe.
When thou ſhalt ſee the blear-eied father teach
His ſon theſe things; canſt thou not quickly reach
To know the cauſe how this our vile diſgrace,
This hiſſing frying-pan of Speach tooke place
Firſt, in our tongues? And yet wherin our ſmooth
[m] *Troſſulians* vainly themſelues doe ſooth,
And ev'n leape in their ſeats, when as they heare
Old words, which pleaſe their thick falſe-judging eare.
Whē th'art accus'd, art not aſham'd to bee
Not able thy now-Aged head to free
From feare o'th'law, but loue the luke-warme cry
Of all thy hearers crying, *Decently*?
Pedius ſayes one, vnto thy charge I lay
The guilt of theft. What now doth *Pedius* ſay?
In ſmooth *Antitheta's* his fault he weighes,
And for his learned Figures, winnes much praiſe.
O neate! O neate? In judging thou doſt faile,
Baſe fawning *Romane*, doſt thou wagge thy taile?
For think'ſt thou, if ſome ſhip-wrack'd wretch ſhould Sing,
Hee e're from me one Halfe-peny ſhould wring?
Doſt Sing, when at thy ſhoulder thou doſt weare
Thy ſelfe and ſhippe, which the ſharpe rocks did teare?
His teares ſhall be expreſs'd through's Miſerie,
Not Studi'd for by Night, that would moue Mee
To pitie. M. Yet in Numbers, O, there ſhines
Beauteous compoſure added to theſe lines

[l] *Furius Accius Labeo. Briſeus*, is the ſurname of *Bacchus*, fitly heere attributed to *Labeo*, becauſe of his mad verſes.

[m] *The Knights of* Rome *were anciently ſo called, becauſe they ſurpriſed a towne in* Hetruria *called* Troſſulum, *without the helpe of the footemen.*

Which

Which were before but raw. P. I, ſo it ſeemes;
For one, this as the only skill eſteemes
To end his verſe (But, O ridiculous!)
With *Berecinthian Atys*; or els, thus;
The Dolphin which did cut Cerulean Nereus.
Ex'lent! and this our *Romans* count moſt ſerious!
So thus another drawes his numbred line,
We drew a ribbe from the long Apennine.
M. [n] *Armes, and the man I ſing*, perchance you'l dare
To terme This frothy, fat-bark'd. P. O noe; ſpare
Your Too-quick cenſure, and diſſolue your brow.
This Poem as an aged well-growne bough
Seaſon'd with time, is with the warme Sun's heat
Well boil'd in its owne barke; growne ſtrong and great.
M. What then doe you terme ſoft, and to be read
With a looſe-bending necke, and bow'd-downe head?
P. *Their writh'd hornes the Mimallones did fill*
With ſounds, and Baſſaris about to kill
The ſcornefull calfe, ſnatching from him his head,
And Maenas as the ſpotted Lynx ſhee lead
With Ivy-bridles, oft did Evion ſound:
The reparable Eccho did rebound.
Theſe, theſe are braue! But, Oh, ſhould Such lines bee
If any veine of Old Nobilitie
Did liue in vs? Theſe Weake lines in the Brimme
Of ev'ry mouth, in th'vtmoſt ſpittle ſwimme.
Maenas and *Atys* or ſome fooliſh Songes
Are alwaies in the moiſture of their tonges.
They never Buffeted a Deske for Theſe,
Or Bitte their Nailes: ſuch lines are writte with eaſe.
M. Grant this be true: yet Sir You haue no need
With biting truth to make their ſoft eares bleed.
Well, looke you to't; I feare; be not too bold,

[n] *Virgils Æneads*, which beginne ſo, *Arma virumq; cano*,

Leſt

Leſt great mens threſholds towards you grow cold.
Me thinkes, th'are touch'd already, and I heare,
The doggiſh letter R ſound in mine eare.
P. Nay, Sir, rather then ſo, all's white and free:
All, all is admirable well for Mee.
I will not hinder't. Now y'are pleas'd I thinke.
You'l ſay, Let no man make My verſes ſtinke,
Making a place for o vrine, in a ſcorne,
Among My papers. P. See then you adorne
Your booke, and paint two P Serpents on't; Boyes, None
Muſt vrine in This Sacred place: be gone:
And Ile goe firſt.

o *This place is thus againſt the cõmon interpretation more manerly & truly expounded by* Mr. Bond.

Yet did *Lucilius* cut
Lewd *Rome*, and thee, O *Lupus*, that didſt glut
Thy appetite, and thee (*Mutius*) growne weake
With luſt, & did on you his Iaw-tooth breake.
So ſubtile *Horace* laughing with his friend
Would cunningly his vices reprehend,
And lying in his boſome, in his heart,
Would bitterly deride him with great art.
Skilfull he was baſely t' eſteeme the rout,
Yet nere wrinkled his noſe, or Seem'd to flout.
And may not I then *Mutter*? not to th' ¶ Duſt?
Not, though Alone? No where? I will; I muſt
Digge here, ev'n here. (My booke) I ſpeake to Thee;
I've ſeene, I ſay, I've ſeene; (my tongue's borne free)
Who has not Aſſes eares, Thou ſhalt not buy
This my obſcure concealed myſterie,
This my deare ſcoffe, my *Nothing*, for whole miliads
Of any baſe Poets long-winded *Iliads*.
Thou whoſo'ere thou art, that art inſpir'd
With bold *Cratinus*; or with zeale art fir'd
Like angry *Eupolis*; and art growne pale

P *Theſe repreſented the Genius of the place, and were painted there to deterre one from violating the place by any pollution.*

¶ *An alluſion to the fable of Midas.*

With

With that [r] old man, whose stile with a full saile
Beares strong against foule vice: vouchsafe a glance
On these My Satires also; where by chaunce
If any thing more perfect thou shalt heare,
Among my lines; grow hot with a purg'd eare.
But him with deepest scorne I doe detest
That basely loues to breake a bitter jest
At a Philosophers poore Shooe: and winkes
At him, whose sight is bad, calling him Blinkes:
Counting himselfe no meane mã, bearing some
Italian honour at *Aretium*,
Cause, being Market-Clarke (such was his pleasure)
He brake their earthen vessels lesse then measure.
Nor loue I him that counts the counting-table
Of deepe *Arithmeticians* but a fable.
Nor him that scoffes at Figures made in [f] dust
By sound *Gelimetry*. Such are vniust,
And Enimies to th' Arts. They much delight
To see the bold-fac'd queane *Nonaria* fight
With a good honest *Cynicke*; and will grinne
If that shee pull his beard off from his chinne.
These, in the morning next their hearts Ile send
To study the Edicts least they offend;
Yet after dinner (for they 'le turne no more
From vice) vnto *Callirhoe* their Whore.

[r] *Aristophanes.*

[f] *An allusion to the story of* Archimedes; *see* Plutarch's Marcellus.

THE

THE SECOND SATIRE VNTO his friend Plotius Macrinus.

Argument.

Prophane desires: true sacrifice:
Bold sinnes: our Poet here describes.

SIgne This day (*Macrine*) with a Purer stone,
Which doth present to thee times long since gone.
Powre wine vnto thy *Genius*; for Thy care
Is not to winne *Ioue* with a Bribing prayer.
Nor crau'st Thou, what thou sham'st to name for feare
Except *Ioue's* drawne aside that none may heare.
Though no small part of *Rome's* chiefe *Nobles* can
Sacrifice with a *low-voic'd* incense-pan.
Tis not an easie thing to take away
The murmur'd whisperings of those that pray
From the Gods temples. Tis no easie thing
To liue with Knowne desires. [a] They vse to Sing
Alowd, that strangers and the standers-by
May heare 'hem, when they pray for honesty
Or a good minde, good fame. But for the rest
Of their desires, inwardly th' are suppresst
Vnder their murmuring toungs; such as are these
Profane requests; O that some strong disease
Would make my Vnckle's braue rich funerall
To bubble vp. O that my rake would fall,

At

[a] *This was but the manner of some hypocrites; for it was the Custome of the* Romanes *to pray softly to themselues as* Ios. Scaliger *well obserues in his Castigations on the* 2. *li. of* Tibullus. *p.*137. *&* Wowerius *in his Animadversions on* Petronius. *p.*428.

As I were working, on some sounding pot
Of silver, [b] *Hercules* blessing my lot.
Or would I might expunge this yong, rich Ward
By whom from great possessions I am barr'd
Being the next heire; for he's with scabs perplext,
And is with swelling choller sharply vext.
There's *Nereus* to, has buri'd yee three wiues,
And I scarce--! O Such men lead Happy liues!
That these things thou religiously maist craue
Of *Ioue*, in swelling *Tybers* silver waue
Early thou washest twise or thrice thy [c] head
Purging the [c] night pollutions of thy bed.
Dost heare? answere me this: & but disclose
Thy thought in one smal question Ile propose.
What thinkst of *Ioue*? thinkst he may be preferd
'Fore Some? Whom? be't ev'n [d] *Staius*; art afeard?
And doubtst thou Whether is the fittest Guard
And juster judge for a young guidlesse Ward?
This then, wherewith thou dar'st to presse *Ioue's* eare,
Tell but to *Staius*: would he not ev'n feare
To heare thee Speake? and casting vp his eie
Cry, O good *Ioue*! & shall not *Ioue* then crie
Vnto Himselfe for vengeance? What? dost think
Thou art Forgiv'n, because he's pleasd to Winke
At thy blacke deedes, and sooner strikes a Tree
With horrid Sulphure, then Thy house and Thee,
When with his roaring thunders he doth chide
The prowd high-mounting aire? Dar'st thou Deride

The

[b] *Antiquitie made* Hercules *the propitious God for the finding out of hidden Treasure.* [c] *Of this, see* Casaubon *on* Theophrastus, *p.* 292. *where he shewes their twofold manner of expiation. And* Brissonius *at large, lib.* 1. *de* Formulis, *p.* 8. [d] *A wicked fellow, that poysned his brother and brothers wife.*

The pow'r of Hea v'n, and Play with *Ioues* Fond beard,
As if th'hadſt Leaue, becauſe thou ne're waſt fear'd
With ſome ſtrange iudgement: or ne're yet did'ſt lie
A woefull ſpectacle to each mans eie,
Vnholy, to be ſhunn'd in ſome ſad groue,
Then ceaſing to be ſacred vnto *Ioue*,
Or th'other Gods, vntill with ſacrifice
Th' Aruſpex great *Ergenna* purifies
The ſame, by offring th' entrals of two ſheepe?
Or els, what is? with what reward doſt keepe
The bribed eares of the corrupted Gods
That they ſhould only giue indulgent nods
At thy vaſt crimes? iſt thy fat offering
Which to their ſacred altars thou doſt bring?
Now you ſhall ſee ſome grandames, or fond Aunts,
Whom womens Fury Superſtition haunts,
Take vp a tender infant in their armes,
And being skilfull to depell the harmes
Of an e effaſcinating eie, they 'le ſpet
Vpon their middle finger, and then wet
With this their purging ſpettle, the childs brow
And pretty lippes. Then with a humble vow
Dauncing him in their armes, they 'le vainely ſpend
Their poore leane hope, in praying *Iouue* to ſend
This babe in time to come ſuch happyneſſe
As once wealthy *Licinius* did poſſeſſe
In fruitfull lands: or ſuch as *Craſſus* held,
Who for braue houſes, *Rome's* chiefe Lords excell'd.
They wiſh that Kings and Queenes may be at ſtrife
To make ev'n their beſt daughter His bleſt wife.
And as for Maides (ſay they) Yee Gods aboue!

e *Of Faſcinatiõ, ſee* Del Rio: *Mag: diſquiſl. 3. q. 4. Sect. 1. and* Ramirez, *in his learned Pentecontarchus cap. 31 at large.*

O let 'hem ſtrongly, ſtrangly fall in loue
With his rare beauty: and that whereſo'ere
Hee treads, a crimſon roſe may ſpring vp there.
Braue! braue! But yet I will not bid My nurſe
Pray ſo: or if ſhee doe; then Good *Ioue* Curſe
Her Prayers; Though clothd-White ſhee ſtrongly Crie,
Yet for thine *Owne* ſake, Strongly Still Denie.
Thou wiſheſt for firme nerues, and for a ſure
Sound body, that would healthfully endure
Vntill Old age; why be it, that thy wiſh
Is Granted by the Gods; yet thy Large diſh
And full fat ſaſage make the Gods Delay
To bleſſe thee, and doe Force good *Ioue* to ſtay.
Thou 'd'ſt faine grow rich: yet doſt thou ſacrifice
An Oxe, (is that the way in wealth to riſe?)
Then vpon *Mercurie* the God of gaine
With this thy offring, thus thou cri'ſt amaine,
Let my domeſticke Gods (great Mercury)
Make all things happy in my familie!
Bleſſe thou my heards of beaſts, bleſſe thou my lambs,
And make my tender yewes the happy damm's
Of many yong-ones. Madman! wilt thou ſee?
This is impoſſible! It can not bee!
When as ſo many heyfers fats doe frie
In flames of ſacrifice? Yet doth he crie,
And with his Entrals and his dainety Cake
Striues to o'recome, and forcingly will Make
The Gods to heare; not yet will hold his peace.
Now doth my field, now doth my fold encreaſe:
Now 't will be giu'n: now, now; vntill at laſt
Deceau'd, his great hope prouing but a blaſt:
His Money in his cheſt may make its moane
For want of company; yet ſigh alone.

If for a gift to Thee ſome friend preſents
A ſilver goblet, or rich ornaments
Curiouſly graven in a maſſie bowle
Of pureſt gold: ſtraightway thy very ſoule
Is touch'd with a ſtrong paſſion: & thou ſhak'ſt
Ev'n Droppes from thy *left* breaſt (Vaine heart that quak'ſt
Thus with a trembling ioie?) Now becauſe gold
Thus pleaſeth Thee; hence tis that Thou doſt hold,
The Gods are pleas'd ſo too, and overlai'ſt
Their ſtatues faces (that thereby thou maiſt
Procure their favour) with gold purchaſed
From th' enimie, which was in triumph led.
For thoſe [f] braſſe-brother-gods that ſend a dreame
Moſt true, and purg'd from thicke, corrupted fleame,
Whereby in ſleepe men are diſturb'd, or feard,
Let thoſe be chiefe, and weare a golden beard.
Gold hath the pots of earth, and braſſe diſdaign'd,
Though vs'd when *Numa*, and good *Saturne* raign'd.
Gold likewiſe hath expeld the *Veſtall* Vrne:
Gold doth the *Thuſcan* Earth to Gold now turne.
Baſe ſtooping ſoules, that groovle on the Earth,
In whom there's Nothing teſtifies their birth
To be from Heav'n!
Yet, doth not this ſuffice?
But we muſt bring theſe our iniquities,
To the Gods Temples, where their pow'rs divine
Doe dwell; and ev'n profane their holy Shrine?
As if their could be any thing in theſe
Infected Carcaſes, the Gods to pleaſe?

[f] *The braſen Statues of the ſonnes of* Ægyptus, *all, except one, ſlaine by their new wiues the daughters of* Danaus. *Which brothers the* Romans *adored as Gods: and were vainely perſwaded that they ſent dreames vnto men.*]

This Fleſh of ours makes vs in vaine to ſpoile
Sweet *Caſia*, by mixing it with oile
To make vs ointments. This doth make vs ſtaine
The ſoft *Calabrian* fleece in Purple graine,
This makes vs with much art to poliſh well
Mother of Pearle, drawne from the fiſhes ſhell.
This from th' vnpurged earth made vs deſire
To ſtraine out vaines of gold by purging fire.
This ſinnes; and ſinnes; yet perſevers in ſinne.
But you great Prieſts, tell; what doth gold within
The holy Temples? ſure, no greater thing
Then ‖ puppets, which to *Venus* Virgins bring.
No; let vs ſtriue to bring to th' Gods, that which
Meſſala's bleare-eied offſpring, from his rich
Large incenſe-baſon nere could giue; A mind
By Law and by Religion well confin'd;
A retir'd ſoule; a heart not ſtained by
Foule luſt, concoct in Noble honeſtie.
This let me bring to th' Gods, and Ile obtaine
Offring but a Small Cake of ſome Courſe graine

‖ *It was a cuſtome among the Ancients, for Virgins about to marry to offer their Babies as an enſigne of their virginities to* Venus, *hoping that by her beneſit, ſhortly after, they ſhould haue true Babes of their owne.*

THE

THE THIRD SATIRE.

Argument.

Yong Gallants Sloth, and their Neglect
Of Arts, this Satire doth detect.

VVHat Ev'ry day thus long? fie, fie, arise:
See how the clear light shamefully descries
Thy sloth: & through thy windows shining bright
Stretcheth the narrow chinks with his broad light.
We snort till the [a] Fift shadowe touch the line,
Enough ev'n to digest strong *Falerne* wine.
Now what dost doe? The furious dog-starres heate
Vpon the parched corne hath long since beat
With its fierce scalding influence, and made
The beasts to seek the spreading *Elmes* coole shade
Thus the companion of some slothfull youth
Does freely chide him. Then saith he, in truth
And ist so late? indeed? some body then
Come presently and reach my cloths: why when?
If then no body come, Oh how he swels.
And breakes with [b] glasse-like choller; & then yells
With such a foule loud noise, that you would say
Surely some great *Arcadian* asse did bray.
At last, with much adoe he doth beginne
To take his booke in hand and some faire skinne
Of smooth [c] two-colourd parchment: he takes the
Some paper and his knotty reed-like pen.
Then he complaines how that his inke doth sticke

[a] *An hypallage for, Till the shadowe touch the fift line; which is about our Eleven of the clocke.*

He understands this of Sun-Dials. You may see the forme of an ancient Roman *Sun-Diall, in* Ramirez *his Pentecont. cap.* 23

[b] *Because it is as soone raised as glasse is, by those that make it.*

[c] *Yellow on the side the haire grew; and white on the other side.*

In clots at his pens noſe, it is ſo thicke.
Powre water then to his blacke [d] *Sepian* iuice,
He cries, now tis too white. Ha's a device
For ev'ry thing. So Sometimes he doth plead
His pen writes double, or his inke doth ſpread.
Wretched, vnhappy man! yet growing ſtill
More wretched! Think'ſt wee're borne to take our fill
Of ſloth? why doſt not then like the ſoft Doue
Or great mens little children, rather loue
In delicateſt wantonneſſe to lappe
Some ſoft ſweet ſpoone-meate, as, a little pappe?
Or angry with the teat, why doſt not crie,
Refuſing to be ſtilld with Lullabie.
[e] Why can I ſtudy, ſir, with ſuch a quill?
[e] Alas! whom doſt thou mocke? why pleadſt thou ſtill
Such vaine ambages? wretched man to flout
Thy ſelfe! Th'art broken! loe, thou leakeſt out!
And knowe thou Shalt be Scornd! ſtrike but a pot
Of ſome raw earth halfe-boild, and will it not
Tell its Owne fault, yeelding a dull crazd ſound?
Well; *Yet* th'art ſoft moiſt clay, and maiſt be wound
To any forme: Now therefore, Now make haſt
To vertue: Preſent time muſt be embrac'd.
Now like the potters claie, now thou muſt feele
Sharpe diſciplines effigiating wheele.
[f] But, oh, thy father left Thee Land enough,
And a cleane Salt-ſeller, with houſhold ſtuffe
Sufficient, needſt Thou then feare any thing?

So

[d] Sepia *is a ſea-fiſh called a* Cuttell, *whoſe blood the* Romans *vſed inſteed of inke.* [e] *This verſe is an interiected reply of the ſlothfull youth: the next is ſpoken in the perſon of his companion which reprehendeth him.* [f] *His companions ironicall defence of the others careleſneſſe.*

So th'haſt a ſeeure pan wherein to bring
Incenſe to thy protecting *Lares*. Well;
But think'ſt thou this enough? wilt therefore ſwell,
And breake thy lungs with an ambitious wind,
Becauſe that thou the thouſanth off, doſt find
Thy branch to be perchance drawne from a tree
Of ſome high *Thuſcan* true nobilitie?
Or that becauſe clad in thy purple graine
Meeting *Romes Cenſour* with his pompous traine
Thou canſt ſalute him by the name of *Cuzze*,
And arrogantly aske him how he does?
Away: goe pranſe before the multitude
In theſe thy trappings: ſeeke not to delude
My iudgement: for I knowe thy ſoule within,
And ſee thy faults writ in thy outmoſt skinne.
Art not aſhamd to liue like diſſolute
Looſe *Natta*: but (alas!) he's deſtitute
Of Senſe! He ſtands Amaſd in vice! the deepe
Fat brawn of ſin makes his heart ſoundly ſleepe!
That now he doth not ſinne! No, he's ſo groſſe,
So ſtupid, that he's ſenſleſſe of his loſſe!
And ſunke downe to the depth of vice hee'le ſwim
No more againe vp to the waters brim!
Great father of the Gods! when cruell luſt
Touch'd with inflaming venome, moues th' vniuſt
Corrupted diſpoſition of fierce kings,
To act vnworthy and vnkingly things:
Puniſh them only thus; *Let them but ſee*
Faire vertue, and their loſt felicitie.
Then ſhall their bowels yearne, and they ſhall crie
In ſecret, and wax pale, and pine, and die.
Did ever the *Sicilian* braſen bull
Roare out his torments with a throat more full?

Or did the ſword hung by a ſlender thread
Vp in the golden roofe over the head
Of the g crownd flatterer, more terrifie
His ſoule, then when a man ſhall truely cry
Vnto himſelfe, *I fall, Oh, I doe fall*
Downe head-long; & ſhall Know he's paſt recall?
And Inwardly growe pale (O wretched life!)
Which he's afeard to tell his neere deere Wife?
Indeed, when I was Young, I like a foole
Would 'noint my eies with oile to ſtay frō ſchoole:
When I'de not learne, through ſloath, the ſtately part
Of dying *Cato*, though 'twere penn'd with art:
And my too-carefull Maſter prais'd it much:
And my glad father being mou'd with ſuch
His praiſes, brought his friends to heare his boy
Brauely act *Cato*, and would Sweate for joy.
For then I car'd not to know any thing:
Except how much the luckie Sice would bring;
Or what the loſing Ace would ſcrape away:
Or that my fellow might not put falſe play
Vpon me, neatly cogging forth a die
Out of the ſmall-neck'd h caſting-boxe. This I
Did learne: and for the ſcourge-ſtuck I did ſtriue,
That none his top with greater arte might driue.
But now, Thou art not at This age to learne
Betweene good and bad manners to diſcerne.
Noe; thou Haſt learn'd the precepts that are taught
In the wiſe porch, where curiouſly are wrought
By *Polygnotus* skill, the conquer'd *Medes*
In their ſhort ſloppes: whoſe ſtorie overſpreades

g *Damocles.*

The

h *They vſed to caſt their dice out of boxes, (as now a dayes ſome doe out of ſmall ſawcers) to preuent the ſleight of the hand, which notwithſtanding ſome more cunning gameſters did often practiſe.*

The walls: and where in ſearching hidden truths
The little-ſleeping cloſe-ſhorne Stoick Youths,
That feed on huskes and a courſe barly cake,
Early and late induſtriouſly doe wake.
And vnto Thee the [i] *Samian* letter Y
Whoſe ſpreading branches teach Philoſophy,
Hath marked out ev'n as it were with chaulke,
The high-rear'd right-hand path, wherein to walke.

[i] *The letter of* Pythagoras, *who by birth was a* Samian.

And ſnort'ſt thou Yet? What? is thy head growne ſlacke?
Art jaw-falne? Doth their frame beginne to cracke?
Lyeſt yawning, to evaporate th'exceſſe
Of yeſterdayes oppreſſing drunkenneſſe?
Haſt thou propos'd thy ſelfe a certaine end?
And with thy beſt endeauour doſt thou bend
Thy bow at That? Or, careleſſe of thy hurte,
Doſt throw at crowes, with ſtones and clots of durte
Neglecting Where thou runn'ſt? Haſt thou noe drift,
But only for the Preſent how to ſhift?

Well, yet be prouident; when our ſicke skinne
Doth with the puffing dropſie once beginne
To ſwell, 'tis Then, thou know'ſt, but vaine to crie
For *Hellebore*; when a diſeaſe drawes nigh,
And yet but threatens thee; Then, then preuent
And meete a danger, that is imminent.
But if thou doſt delay, till't be too late,
And that thy ſickneſſe once grow deſperate:
Then would'ſt thou giue *Craterus* halfe thy wealth,
Yet can he not reſtore thee to thy health.

Learne then, O wretched youths the myſterie
Of Nature, in profound Philoſophie.
Learne who we are: why we were borne: th'eſtate
Wherein wee're ſet; And know that not by fate
But wiſdome, we may turne our ſhippe with eaſe,

About

About high-vertues [k] marke plac'd in the ſeas
Of this our life. Temperately deſire
Siluer; learne what 'tis lawfull to require
In prayer: and the perfect vſe, aright,
Of Money: for which, men ſo ſharply fight:
What likewiſe to thy Countrie thou doſt owe,
And what to thy deare kinſmen; Learne to know
Whom [l] *God hath made thee, and in what degree*
And ſtate of life, he heere hath placed thee.

Learne: neither envie Thou at the full ſtore
Of the greas'd Lawyer, though he haue much more
Proviſion, then his family can ſpend
Whil'ſt it is ſweete: which the fat *Vmbrians* ſend,
As gifts to bribe his tongue. Nor grutch to ſee
His *Marſian* Client bring him for a fee,
Pepper, gammons of bacon, or ſuch kinde
Remembrances. Nor let it vexe Thy minde,
Becauſe he hath freſh Pilchars to him ſent,
Before the former barrell be quite ſpent.

But heere, mee thinkes, I heare ſome boiſtrous rough
Centurion ſay; Tuſh, I haue wit enough
To ſerue mine owne turne; And Ile never care
To bee *Arceſilas*, or to impaire
My health, like *Solon*: who doe leane awrie
Their heads, pearcing the earth with a fixt eie:
When by themſelues they gnaw their murmuring,
And furious ſilence, as't were ballancing
Each word vpon their out-ſtretch'd lippe: And when
They meditate the dreames of old ſick men,

As

[k] *An alluſion to the* Romans Naumachia.

[l] *Mee thinkes, theſe lines of mine Authour, and eſpecially this word* Deus, *ſeeme to be of that high ſtraine of Divinitie (in a Heathen) which* Plato *reached vnto, when he did profeſſe that he writte but in ieſt, when he ſaid,* Gods.

As, *Out of nothing, nothing can be brought :*
And that which is, can ne're bee turn'd to nought.
Is it for This they're pale? and that they miſſe
Their dinner oftentimes, Is it for This?
Why yet they are but ſcorn'd ev'n by the Route,
The People: and our Luſtie Lads but flout
Them, and with criſped noſes aloofe off,
Strongly ingeminate a trembling ſcoffe.
[m] Yet ſcorne not learning: leſt thy falling ſtate
Proue ſuch, as this which heere I will relate.
One ſaid to his Phyſitian, Pray Sir ſee;
Mee thinkes I am not as I vſe to bee.
My heart doth quake as if it boaded death:
And my ſick jawes ſend forth a loathſome breath;
Pray good Sir feele my pulſe: and play your part.
Well, the Phyſitian vs'd his chiefeſt art,
And bid him reſt Foure dayes. But when each veine
Began compoſedly to flow againe,
On the Third night: he bid his ſervant take
A [n] little-thirſting flaggon, and ſtraight make
All ſpeed, to the great houſe of ſuch a friend,
And tell him, he deſir'd him for to ſend
Some of his milde *Surrentine* wine: and ſo
Hauing dranke that, vnto the Baths hee'd go.
When being there, thither did come by chance
His owne Phyſitian: who ſtraight caſt a glance
On this his patient, and to him ſaid,
Why You are Pale, and are you not afraid?
Tuſh man, ſaith he, thats Nothing. Yet beware,
Said his Phyſitian, and pray haue a care,
What ere this Nothing is. For I doe ſee,
Your yellow ſickly skinne ſwels ſecretly.
Well, prethee now, ſaid he, doe not thou raile

[m] Perſius *his anſwere to the obiection, which he makes the Centurion heere vſe.*

[n] *A ſmall flaggon.*

At

At Mee: for thou thy ſelfe doſt looke more pale
And worſe: be not a Tutour vnto Mee.
One I haue had, and buri'd: now for Thee,
Thou yet remain'ſt. On then, & doe not ceaſe,
Said his Phyſitian, and Ile hold my peace.
This gallant then ſwelling with dainty cheere
Bathes his pale belly, and without all feare:
His throat halfe ſtopt with groſſe corrupted fleame,
Leaſurely breathing a ſulphureous ſteame.
But midſt his wines a ſuddaine trembling ſeaz'd
Vpon each ioint of him: that his diſeas'd
Weake hand could not his luke-warme bowle retaine:
And his vncover'd teeth ev'n gnaſh'd againe:
And then through his looſe lips, his fine-oild meate
He vomits, which he greedyly had eate,
Then were prepared for his funerall
The ° Trumpet, and the Lights: And laſt of all,
This ſeeming-happy man, that would not doubt
His health, being compoſedly laid out
On his high bed, his biere; and now daub'd o're
And ev'n bedurted with th' abundant ſtore
Of ointments; ſtretcheth tow'rd the Cittie-gate
His cold dead heeles; and thoſe whoſe beſt eſtate
But yeſterday, was but to be His ſlaue,
P Now weare their cappes, and beare him to his graue.
q What then belike y' apply this ſame to Mee?
But (wretched foole!) th' art out. For know, I'me free.

Touch

° *At the funerals of Great Men, they vſed Trumpets: as pipes at the burials of the meaner ſort.*

P *It was the cuſtome of the* Romanes *before their deathes to Manumitte their ſervants: which was by ſhaving their heads, and putting a cappe on.*

q *The ſcornefull replie of the Centurion.*

Touch but my veines: feele how my heart doth beate:
There's but a wonted moderated heate.
Or feele the bottoms of my feete: or hold
My hands: thou ſhalt perceaue they are not cold.
[1] Tis true. But know ſeduced man, there ſticke
Diſeaſes in thy Soule; tis That is ſicke. [2] *The anſwere of Perſius.*
For if thou ſee by chance much gold: or ſpie
Thy neighbours ſmooth-cheek'd wench to caſt an eie
Vpon thee, ſmiling with a wanton glance:
Speake true: doth Then thy heart Orderly daunce?
There s ſet before thee on thy board, to eate,
In a cold diſh hard hearbes, ſomewhat rough meate;
And courſe bread ſifted in the people's ſearce:
Lets trie your chappes. Oh are yee now averſe?
In thy ſoft mouth there's hid a putrid ſoare,
Which touch'd with *Common* hearbes, would make thee roare.
So thy heart's cold, when pale feare doth affright
Thy haire like eares of corne ſtanding vpright.
Againe, fierce anger makes thy blood grow hot,
Ev'n as a fire-brand doth a ſeething pot;
And then thy flaring eies ſparkling ſorth fire
Thou ſai'ſt and doſt So in thy furious ire:
That mad *Oreſtes* dares ſweare, Such a fact
None but a man ſtarke mad, ere durſt to act.

THE FOVRTH SATIRE.

Argument.

Yong Rulers: The complaint of Luſt
On Avarice, vnfit though iuſt.

ART thou a Common-wealths chiefe Governer?
(Suppoſe the bearded graue [1] Philoſopher, [1] *Socrates.*

Whom

Whom the cold draught of Hemlocke forc'd to die,
Thus to demand) On what dost thou relie?
What are thy grounds? speake *Alcibiades*,
Pupill vnto the famous *Pericles*.
Oh, wit and graue discretion, I haue heard
Indeed, do many times Prevent a Beard!
And so Thou knowst no doubt, though th'art but yong,
Both when to Speake, and when to hold thy tonge.
When therefore the vext multitude grow hot
With choller, and their duty haue forgot:
Thou dost but lift vp thy majesticke hand,
And straight a gen'rall silence dost command
Ore the tumultuous rout. Then what dost say?
[b] O yee *Quiritians* (if prevaile I may)
I thinke This is not just that's done by you:
Nor This: twere better if you Thus did doe.
For thou canst weigh truth in the double scale
Of the most doubtfull ballance. If it faile,
Straightwaies Thou knowst it: yea, though hid it lie
Betweene a double crooked falsitie:
Or if a Rule (so perfect is Thy sight)
Measure not ev'ry thing exactly right.
And the blacke [c] Theta signe of deadly shame
Thou can'st prefixe 'fore an offenders name.
Thou Canst doe this. Oh, twere a crime to Doubt.
Come, come: Thou being faire only without
And in the skinne, in vaine: leaue off to shake
Thy taile, before the flattring rout, or make
Suit for great offices, till age and cares

[b] *These three lines are spoken in the person of this yong Governer.*

Haue

[c] *The Iudges being about to giue sentence of death against a man, were wont to write his name in a table and prefixe before it the letter θ, as being the first of* θάνατος, *signifying he was to be delivered over to Death.*

Haue made thee Fit to manage ſuch affaires.
Thou being fitter yet to drinke good ſtore
Of pure vnmixt braine-purging *Hellebore*.
Wherein conſiſts thy laſt, thy greateſt wiſh?
In having ev'ry day a full fat diſh:
Then with ſweete oile to 'noint my skinne, and lie
In the Sunnes pleaſant warmth till it be drie.
[a] Why hadſt thou with the ſelfe ſame queſtion tri'd
This poore old woman; ſhee had ſo repli'd.
Goe now and boaſt how thy Nobilitie
Comes from th' Illuſtrious *Dinomache*.
Puffe out thy vaunts, and ſay, I'me comely, faire,
To graunt thee ſuch Vaine praiſes Ile not care.
When ragged gran'ame *Baucis*, that does crie
Vnto the looſer ſervants, *Will yee buie*
Any ſweet hearbes, has as much wit as Thee,
That thus doſt boaſt of thy vaine pedegree.
[a] That no man will deſcend to his Owne heart,
And ſearch the ſecrets of that hidden part!
No man! But haue their eies fixt evermore
Vpon His backe and bagge that goes Before!
For, doe but aske a man, by Chance; D'yee know
Vectidius farmes? Hee'le ſay, *Vectidius*? Who?
The Chuffe of *Cures*, he whoſe grounds they ſay
A kite can ſcarce flie o're in a whole day?
Him ev'n the Gods oppoſe and the ſure fate
Of an vnluckie *Genius*. Who (the date
Of time, bringing againe the Plow-mens [e] feaſt,
When from their painefull labours they haue ceas'd,
And now hung vp their weary Oxens yoke

By

[a] *The anſwere of this vaine fellow: and the replie of* Perſius.
[e] *Theſe feaſts were called* Compitalia, *and were celebrated in honour of their* Lares.

By the worne path vpon some aged oke)
When he should freely laugh, and make good cheere
For other plow-men (tis but Once a yeere)
Most basely fearing to pull off the clay
From his small wine-vessel; hee'le sigh, and say,
Pray *Ioue*, that this my Prodigalitie
Bring mee not in the end, to beggerie!
A coated oignion then with salt hee eates;
(His servants much applauding such braue meates:
Nay, and reioicing for their happy lot
And for the barly-pudding in the pot)
Then sparingly he sippes in steed of beere,
The cloathy dregges of dying Vineger.
But straight replies the other, If Thou 'noint'st
With supple oile thy foule lubberly joint's
And ly'st in the hot Sunne letting it beate
Vpon thy skinne, with its strong parching heate:
There's one whom Thou scarce know'st, stands here hard by,
Ev'n at thine elbow, that could likewise crie
Against Thy manners, and thy lewder art,
The depilation of thy modest part,
And of thy lunges, to prostitute thereby
Vnto a barren lust thy pathicke thigh.
Thy Cheekes bearing a kemb'd, oil'd beard: Elsewhere
[f] Why dost thou too-vniustly-smooth appeare?
Scrape on: but though fiue lustie wrastlers would
Roote vp these springing plants: yea though they should
With crooked pinsers, by their tugging oft,
Weaken thy parts of shame, though first made soft
With Barbers soapie water, so to yeeld
The better, to the plowers of this field:

Yet

[f] *Reader, in This line, I intendedly depart from the Letter of mine Author, yet without thy losse.*

Yet this o're-ſpreading fearne will neuer bow
Vnto the deepeſt furrow-making plow.
Thus We wound Others: and doe yeeld agen
Our thighes vnto the darts of other men.
And thus we know mans life purſu'd to be
By this too-much-aſſumed Libertie.
[g] Yet Some mens faults, becauſe they hidden lie
From the enquirie of their Enemie,
Are not obiected to them: yet are knowne
To him, to whom they crie, We are thine Owne.
Thou haſt a ſecret wound vnder thy ſide:
But thy broad gold-boſs'd girdle doth it hide:
So though thou make Men ſay, Th'art well (in Vaine):
Will thy Side ſay ſo too, that feeles the paine?
Thou'lt heere perchance reply, What? when as all
My neighbours Me an ex'lent fellow, call;
And ſay, I am not as your Common men:
Shall I, ah, Can I not-beleeue 'hem then?
[h] Alas, blinde wretch! if at the ſight of gold
With auaricious loue thou waxeſt cold
And pale: if ev'ry thing thou likewiſe doe,
Which griefe-procuring Luſt provokes thee to:
If on the table of thy Vſurie,
By moſt oppreſſing heavie crueltie,
As by a ſtrong deepe-wounding ſcourge, thou make
Many a ſure-imprinted greevous ſtrake:
To the falſe-praiſing People thou maiſt lend
Thy ſpungie, ſucking eares; but to no end.
Seeme not more then thou art: neither beleeue
The ignorant applauſe baſe Coblers giue.

[g] *The paſſage heere, was too-obſcure: wherefore I was forced to be a little diffuſe in the opening of the connection; and ſo inſerted theſe foure verſes.* [h] *The reply of* Perſius *to his owne obiection.*

Liue with Thy Selfe, and quickly thou ſhalt ſee,
The curtal'd ſtore of thy bare povertie.

THE FIFT SATIRE IN FORME *of a Dialogue.*

The Speakers.

Perſius, Cornutus.

Argument.

Cornutus praiſe: Philoſophie:
Oppos'd deſires: true Libertie.

P. OVr Poets vſe to wiſh they had large lunges,
And a whole-hundred voices, mouthes, and tongues:
When they would write a buskin'd Tragedie,
To be yawn'd out with the ſad Maieſtie
Of a Tragedian: or deſcribe the high
Braue-minded *Parthian* pulling from his thigh
A hooke-like bearded dart. *C.* Why ſpeak'ſt Thou thus?
And heapeſt vp ſuch vaſt robuſtious
And ſwelling lines, that Thou Thy Selfe doſt need
A hundred throates, if thou'dſt attaine indeed
The end which ſuch endeavours tend to? Rather
Let Them, who'le write ſome Loftie matter, gather
Clouds off of *Helicon*, to whom the pot
Of *Progne*, or *Thyeſtes* ſhall grow hot;
Of which, the fond Tragedian *Glyco* muſt
Oft make his ſupper. But Thou neither duſt
Puffe from thy mouthes full bellowes much vaine wind
The whil'ſt the matters boiling in thy mind,

Thy

Thy fordge: nor with an inward murmuring
Hoarſly crow-like caw'ſt out ſome idle thing,
I know not what: nor doſt Thou ſtriue to ſtuffe
Thy ſwelling cheekes, to breake'hem with a puffe.
Thy words are words of peace, and accurate
Thy ſtile; thy mouth not ſwolne, but moderate
Smooths out thy numbers; Thou canſt touch to th'quicke,
Pale manners: and with an ingenuous tricke
Strike a crime Through; And Hence indeed from Crimes
Doe Thou draw ſtill the ſubiect of Thy rimes;
And leaue the feaſt made with the feete and head
Of *Plyſthenes* woefully murthered,
At ſad *Mycenæ*: and doe Thou deſcrie
The People's banquets, full of Luxurie.
P. Surely, I ſtriue not that My leaſe may riſe
With ſwelling bubbles of vaine fopperies,
Fit to giue weight to Smoake. We ſpeake retir'd:
And inwardly I by my Muſe inſpir'd
Heere offer ev'n my ſecret heart to bee
By Thee tri'd fully. For I'de haue thee ſee
Cornutus, deareſt friend, how great a part
Of my deare, yet diuided ſoule Thou art.
Knocke on my breaſt: for Thou haſt ſkil to know
What ſoundeth ſolid, and the cover'd ſhew
Of a gilt tong. And oh heere I could craue
A hundred voices: that how much I haue
Fixt thee within my many-ſeated breaſt,
In a pure fluent ſtile might be expreſs'd:
And that which now ineffable doth dwell
Within my heart, in words I heere could tell.
When firſt I did begin to leaue to feare
Vnder a Maſter: and left off to weare
My purple-Coate, that ſtill preſerv'd free

From violation my weake infancy:
And when my Golden Bosse I newly had
Hung vp to my [a] succinct House-Gods: when bad,
And flattering companions guarded mee:
When now my White Shield granted Libertie
Vnto mine eyes, freely to roue throughout
The leud *Suburra*: when I was in doubt
Which way to take: and when my trembling minde
Was by pernicious errour almost blinde,
Mis-led into divided paths: I then
Offer'd my selfe to thy instruction. When
Thou straightway did'st embrace my tender youth
In thy *Socratique* bosome: and the truth
Of Thy rule well-appli'd, skilful to draw
Feeble inclining mindes to reasons law,
Shewd me intorted manners: and my mind
Was pres'd by reason, thoroughly confin'd
To learned precepts, stroue to be o'recome;
And took a Faire forme from Thy skilful thombe.
For I remember oft I with delight
Haue spent long daies with Thee: & of the Night
Haue borrow'd the first howr's, feasting with Thee
On the choise dainties of Philosophie.
One worke we wrought: we rested both one rest:
Mixing severenesse with a Modest iest.
For doubt not, both our birth-daies ioin'd in one
Sure league, drawne from one constellation:
Or the vnchanged *Parca* weigh'd our time
With an ev'n ballance: or that first, that prime
Birth-how'r of vs true friends did blessedly
Place our embracing fates in *Gemini*:

And

[a] *To signifie their readinesse and expedition in defence of the house, which was committed to their tutelary charge.*

And heavie *Saturne's* sterne malignitie
Was broake by our good *Ioue's* benignitie.
Yet there's a thousand sorts of men: & strange
Varietie doth humane actions change,
Each hath his sev'rall will: nor doe All liue
With One desire, For, One his mind doth giue
To *Merchandising*, and with care doth runne
Out to the East vnder the rising Sunne,
To get rough pepper, and pale Cummin seed
For *Romane* wares. Another loues to feed
His panch, and then swell with destilling sleepe;
A third doth *Mars*-field wrastlings duly keepe;
A fourth turnes banke-rupt by the desp'rate die;
A fift growes rotten by damn'd Venery.
But when the knotty hand-gout has once broake
Their ioints, as th' boughes of some decaied oke:
Anger and greefe doe then begin a strife
Within them, for their base and durtie life
Now spent: when now, but now too late, they looke
Vpon the life they wretchedly forsooke.
But Thou in learned writings dost by night
Growe pale. Thou makest it thy cheefe delight
To sow yong purged eares with fruitfull truths,
With good *Cleanthes* fruit. Draw Hence yee youths,
Yee old men, for your selues, some Certaine end;
Some helps from cares your Old age to defend.
[b] To Morrow wee'le doe this. [b] Alas! you'le doe
The same, to-morrow. [c] Why aske we of you
So much, to wit, only One Day? [c] But when
The Third day comes, we haue consumed then
To-Morrow Yesterday: and thus to borrow

Of

[b] *He brings them in, answering for themselues: and then he replies againe vnto them.* [c] *Another answer of theirs, with his owne reply.*

Of time, though yet to come, ſtill one To-morrow:
Will ſecretly driue out our Yeares at laſt,
When Ev'ry day a New day will be paſt,
Never to be recouer'd. For Thou Wheele
Which doſt about the Second Axle reele
Hindermoſt, maiſt in vaine ſtriue to o'retake
The Firſt ſtill turning forward, which doth make
Like haſt, with equall ſwiftneſſe: though thou be
Hard by it plac'd vnder the ſelfe ſame tree.
Who's ever then True Libertie would gaine,
Let him embrace Philoſophie for vaine
Is Other freedome; Such, to wit, whereby
Any new *Publius* may familiarly
In his (the *Veline*) tribe courſe corne demand
By bringing but his Token in his hand.
O men barraine of truth, that thinke they can
Make, with a Turning, a *Quiritian!*
Heer's *Dama* a baſe horſe-keeper not worth
Three halfe-pence, a meere ſot, that can't looke forth
From out the miſt of *Ignorance*, and one
Who'le lie ev'n for the leaſt occaſion,
For horſe-bread; whom if 's Maſter turne about,
I'th' moment of the Whirling he goes out
Straight, *Marcus Dama*. The Gods! Darſt denie
To truſt one, *Marcus* being ſuretie?
Or, *Marcus* being iudge, art pale with feare
Of Wrong? *Marcus* ſaid it: then thou maiſt ſweare
Tis true. Now *Marcus* ſeale the Bond. Oh, heere's
Braue Libertie and true, which our Cap weare's
As well as Wee! [d] Why is there any free,
But he, the which doth liue at Libertie?
I liue at libertie, and am not I

More

[d] *The anſwere of* Dama *now Manumiſs'd,*

More free then *Brutus* then? [e]Oh heere's ſtands by
A wel-taught *Stoick*, whoſe more purged eare
Is waſh'd as 'twere with Truths ſharpe vineger,
That ſaies, I grant the Firſt; but where you ſay,
Fliue at Libertie, take That away.
[f]Why? ſince I came frō th' *Prætors* rod Mine Owne
Free man, Ile Now be ſubiect vnto none;
And why may n't I doe with full libertie
Whatſe're [g]*Maſinius* doth not deny?
[h]Oh, learne: but this thine anger firſt depoſe,
And let fall from thy too-much-wrinkled noſe,
Thy rugged ſcoffe? whil'ſt from thy lunges I pull
Theſe old wiues tales of which thy breaſt 's yet full.
It was not in the *Prætors* pow'r to giue
Pure Wiſdome vnto Fooles, or make Them liue
By Reaſons rule. No; thou ſhalt ſooner fit
Vnto the harpe, a rough rude ſouldiers wit.
'Gainſt which Reaſon doth ſtand, and ſecretly
Whiſpers him in the eare, and ſaies, Fie, Fie:
Never attempt what thou canſt nere reach to,
And only ſpoile, whilſt thou doſt ſtriue to doe.
The law of man and nature both deny
Weake Ignorance the priuiledge to trie
Forbidden things. Doſt Thou mixe *Hellebore*
For a ſicke patient, who ne're tri'd it before
To weigh 't exactly to a Dramme? The art
Of Phyſicke bids thee not-dare act This part.
If a rude high-ſhooed clowne offer to ſteere
A ſhip, not knowing his guide *Lucifer*:
The Sea-God *Melicerta* may exclame,

[e] *The reply of* Perſius.
[f] *Another anſwer of* Dama. [g] *A famous Lawier, and afterwards a Knight of* Rome. [h] *Another reply of* Perſius.

The brow of modeſtie has loſt all ſhame?
Has vertues art taught thee to walke vpright?
And can'ſt thou with a perſpicacious ſight
Diſcerne the Shew of Truth from Truth? Doſt know
Counterfaite gold by th' Sound? and canſt thou ſhew
What things to follow, what things to decline,
The firſt with Chaulke, the laſt with Coale to ſigne?
Art of confin'd deſires? haſt thou a ſmall
And pretty well-trimm'd houſe? art kind to all
Thy friends? canſt wiſely ſometimes Shut thy ſtore,
Sometimes Open thy garners to the poore,
And with a pure affection vnhurt
Canſt thou paſſe over money [1] fixt i' th' durt?
Nor, as a greedy glutton, loue to licke
Mercuriall ſpittle, which doth vſe to ſticke
Vpon the lippes of Niggards? When as all
Theſe things thou maiſt thine owne moſt truely call;
Then, Oh be wiſe, enjoie true Liberty,
The *Prętors*, yea and great *Ioue* bleſſing thee.
But Thou but th' other day of Our degree,
Retaining ſtill thy Old skinne, being free
Only in a ſmooth brow, that outward part,
Deepe ſubtilty lurking in thy foule heart:
The Libertie I gaue thee, I againe
Recall, and doe tie Shorter Now thy chaine.
For Reaſon vnto Thee doth Nothing lend:

Liſt

[1] *An alluſion to the ſport that children vſed: who tying a peece of money to the end of a ſtring, would cover the ſtring with durt and let the money be ſeene; which, when any greedy fellow paſſing by, would ſtoope to take vp, they would plucke in the ſtring, and ſo delude him.*

Lift but thy [k] Finger vp, thou doſt offend;
And what's ſo ſmall? But, thou ſhalt nere obtaine
By any francke-incenſe, that the Leaſt Graine
Of wiſdome ſhall ere reſt within a foole:
To mixe Theſe Two, is againſt Natures rule.
Nor ſhalt thou, thou remaining a Clowne ſtill,
Ere daunce Three meaſures with *Bathyllus* skill.
[l] I'me Free. [l] How canſt thou ſay ſo, thy affection
Being envaſſal'd to the worſt ſubjection?
Knowſt thou no other Maſter, but he whom
The Manumitting rod did free thee from?
Indeed if Now, one ſay imperiouſly
To 's ſlaue; Goe, Sirra, carrie preſently
This linnen to *Criſpinus* Bathes; doſt ſtand
Still, Lazie knaue? This his ſevere command
Doth moue Thee nothing: becauſe now no whippe
May ſcourge Thy lazie ſides, to make Thee skippe.
But if within, in thy ſicke lungs doe ſpring
Head-ſtrong deſires, 'art Thou in any thing
Leſſe ſervile then, then is ſuch a poore knaue,
Whom th' whippe and feare of 's Maſter made a ſlaue?
Thou lying long in bed, Avarice cries·
Vp, vp, Not yet, ſaiſt thou: For ſhame ariſe,
Cries ſhee; I can't, thou doſt replie: Why ſo,
Saies ſhee againe? Riſe, Riſe; doſt thou not know
What thou ſhouldſt doe? Why go to th' Sea, bring thence
Fiſh, Beaver-oile, flaxe, Eben, franckincenſe,
And looſning wines of *Co*; and be the firſt

[k] Ramirez (*in his Commentarie on Martial: lib.1. Epig.1.*) *would perſwade vs that this place is meant* de Medio digito, *but his expoſition is ſomewhat ranke: and I will iuſtly oppoſe him with that diſcreete admonition of* Turnebus. (*Adverſ.lib.23.cap.23.*) Non ſunt tam ex alto ducendi ſenſus, de quibus poeta nihil cogitârit. [l] *An other reply of* Dama, *and the anſwere of* Perſius,

To fetch from th' Camell, whil'ſt he yet doth thirſt;
Freſh pepper: exchange ſomewhat, and forſweare
For Gaine. O but, (alas!) [then *Ioue* will heare
Why, foole, if thou wilt dwell with *Ioue*, thou ſhalt
Striving but to get out one taſt of ſalt,
Boare a hoale through thy oft-lick'd ſalt-ſeller.
Well; being got vp, thou doſt (not to deferre
To execute her will) provide thy men
Bagges for to lay their cloathes in, and then
Lai'ſt-in wine, with ſuch other things thou knowſt
Are fit for navigation: then ſtraight go'ſt
To ſhippe; where Nothing hinders thee to ſaile
O're the *Ægean* Sea with a full gaile,
But Luxurie, That doth ſeduce thy weake
Vnſtayedneſſe, and thus with art doth ſpeake.
Whether, Oh whether madman, doſt thou runne?
Whether? What lackſt thou? What wouldſt thou haue done?
([m] And now thy hot breaſt with ſtrong ire doth ſwell,
Which a whole pot of Hemlocke can ſcarce quell.)
Wilt Thou paſſe ore the Sea's? Wilt Thou ere eate
Thy ſupper, making a Stretch'd Rope Thy ſeate?
Shall a broad-bottom'd tankard that does ſtinke
Of pitch, fume out the wine, that Thou muſt drinke?
Nay, vile ruddie *Veientane* wine? ſtriv'ſt Thou
To make thy lab'ring money ſweat forth Now
Eleav'n in Twelue, the which did Heere obtaine
Ne're aboue Fiue in Twelue, a modeſt gaine?
Come, come: cheriſh thy *Genius*: let's bee free
T' enioie a full delight: for without Mee
Life is Not: and remember that ere long
Thou ſhalt be but a ghoaſt, duſt, and the ſong
O' th' People. Thinke how thou by death ſhalt paſſe
Away,

[m] *Theſe two lines, the Poet interiects in his owne perſon.*

Away, like Time. This which I'ue Spoke, It Was.
What doſt thou Now? Two hookes a double way
Now draw thee; Wilt thou This, or This obey?
Thou muſt be ſlaue to both alternately;
Now ſerving Auarice, now Luxurie.
Nor maiſt thou, if thou doſt for Once withſtand
Their inſtant and importunate command,
Say ſtraight, I'ue broake their bands; For, loe,
A dogge by tugging breakes his knot, juſt ſo,
Who, though he runne away and bite and ſtraine,
Yet at his necke doth traile much of his chaine.
Cherestratus in ſerious meditation
Biting his naile to th' quicke through deepe vexation,
Saies to his man; *Davus*, I now intend
All my fore-paſſed greefes and Loue to end;
Beleeue me. For ſhall I be ſtill a ſhame,
Vnto my ſober carefull friends good name?
Shall I ſpend all my ſtocke with infamie
At the lewd threſhold of a Stews? Shall I
Drunke before *Chryſis*' nointed moiſt doores ſtand
Singing, my torch extinguiſh'd in my hand?
O [n] rare yong *Maſter*! Be hence-forward wiſe;
And offer vp a lambe in ſacrifice,
To thy protecting Gods. [o] But doſt beleeue
Davus, if I forſake her, that ſheele grieue?
[p] Doſt trifle, Idle boy? Then ſhee ſhall breake
Thy pate with her red pantofle, and wreake
Her ſpight vpon thee, that thou ſhalt not dare,
To quake, nor bite her faſt-entangling ſnare.

[n] Davus *his reioycing at his Maſters promiſed reformation.* [o] *The interrogation of* Cherestratus *to his ſeruant* Davus. [p] Davus *his indignation, at his Maſters weake inconſtancie.*

Thare

Th'art Now averſe and violent; but when
She ſhall perchance but call thee; thou'lt ſay then,
I come ſtraightwaies; for, why? what ſhould I doe?
Sha'n't I goe to my Loue, when Shee doth Wooe,
And Sends for me? But if thou canſt Now, Now
Redeeme thy ſelfe All and Entire; Thou, Thou
Art that thriſe-happy man, that only He
Whom Only, Wee iudge to be Truely free.
Not he, o're whom the fooliſh *Lictor* wagges
His rod, and of him, as His Freeman bragges.
For, Oh, can he be truly call'd his owne
Whom Candidate Chaulkie Ambition
Drawes gaping to Her lure? To whom ſhee cries,
¶ Vnto thy Clients ſalutations riſe
By Time, and giue a lib'rall doale of peaſe
Vnto the ſcrambling multitude: that theſe
Our large *Floralia* may be made the talke
Of Aged men heereafter as they walke
In the warme Sunne; For what can be More braue?
ᵗ And art not Superſtitious to haue
On *Herods* birth-day, many candles plac'd
In order i' th' oild window, much defac'd
By the fat cloud the which they vomit out,
Though with ſweet violets th'are deck'd about;
And t'haue a Tunies taile, as 'twere to ſwimme
In a red diſh, thy white bowle full to th' brimme
With wine, yet faſt till night, and pray
All the *Iewes* circumciſed Saboth-day?
Then with Hobgoblins, and the feigned feare
Of danger from a crackt egge, and th' auſtere
Graue Prieſts of *Cybell*, and the one-eied maide

Df

¶ *The words of Ambition.*
ᵗ *Theſe words are ſpoken in the perſon of* Perſius.

Of *Isis* with her timbrell, th' art dismaid.
And thinkst the Gods will puffe with some disease
Thy swelling skinne: if thou shalt them displease:
Refusing by their graue rules to be led,
To tast each morne three times a Garlicke-head.
And saiest thou yet, thou liu'st at libertie,
Being subiect to th' extreamest vanitie?
Yet speake this, which the Gods doe knowe, is true,
'Mongst full-veind Souldiers: what would straight ensue?
Some vast *Volpenius* with a full deepe throat
Would bellow-out a laugh, in a base note:
And ten times ten Philosophers of *Greece*
Would scarcely prize at a clipt Ten-groates peece.

THE SIXT AND LAST SATIRE TO his friend *Cesius Bassus* a Lyrique Poët.

Argument.

The pining Niggards fruitlesse care,
To feed the lust of his lewd heire.

NOw, *Bassius*, hath the cold made thee retire
Thy selfe, this winter, to the *Sabine* fire?
Doe thy old harp & strings liue to thee still,
Sounding lowd musicke with a stiffer quill?
Great workman! whose blest Muse sweet lines affordes,
Full of the Natiue beauty of Old words:
And on the *Romane* harpe with happinesse
Of skill, a masculine, strong sound t' expresse:
Now playing Yong mens sports, now playing some
Braue Old mens actions, with an honest thombe.
The warme *Ligurian* shoare growes hot to Mee:
And I'me now winterd at my Natiue Sea;
Where the rockes yeeld a shoare to them that saile
And where the hauen into a large vale
Retires it selfe. *'Tis fairely worth the sight,*
The port of Luna, full of much delight.
Thus said wise *Ennius* Aft'r h' had dreamd he was
Homer, the fift form'd by *Pythagoras*
His Peacockes soule. Here I retir'd liue free
From caring what the People thinke of me:
And what th' vnluckie South-wind doth prepare
For cattle; Nor doe I take greefe or care
If that my neighbours field's more fat then mine.
Let all poore-borne grow rich, Ile never pine

With

With ſtooping age, for That: or want good cheere:
Or touch the ſigne of dreggy ſealed beere
In a hoar'd flaggon. Yet another may
Diſſent from this. For oft the ſame birth-day
Hath an Aſcendent ſtrongly influent
Producing ev'n in twinnes a different
Yea an oppoſed *Genius*. For the one
Warily with great circumſpection,
And on his Birth-day only, dips his drie
Courſe hearbes in briniſh ſauce, which he doth buy
In a ſmall cup, His Owne ſelfe Sprinkeling
His diſh with Pepper as a Holy thing.
The other a braue boy couragiouſly
Spends his large portion in luxurie
On his co ſuming tooth. But as for Mine,
Ile Vſe it: yet nere let my Freedmen dine
With Turbets: nor be curious-mouth'd to knowe
But by the taſt, if 't be a Thruſh or noe.
Proportion thy expences by thy gaine:
And grind out freely (for thou maiſt) thy graine
Laid vp within thy barnes. What ſhouldſt thou feare?
But harrow, and behold ſtraight will appeare
Another harveſt. [a] Why, I Would thus ſpend,
But Dutie hinders me. For my poore friend,
His ſhippe being ſplit, held by the *Brutian*
Sharpe rockes; and buri'd in the *Ionian*,
Rough waues all his eſtate, and his deafe cries
Neglected by the Gods: and himſelfe lies
Vpon the ſhoare with his great Gods, which he
Caught from his broken ſhip, whoſe ribs now be
Expos'd vnto the Cormorant. [b] Nay, Now

Giue

[a] *The covetous mans pretended reaſon in defence of himſelfe.*
[b] Perſius *his reply.*

Giue him ſome of thy Land: and doe not thou
Thinke thou canſt be Too free; Let him not lacke,
Wandring with a Greene * Table at his backe. * *The table of*
But if thou impaire thy wealth, thy angred heire *his ſhipwrack.*
Of thy laſt funerall-feaſt will take ſmall care:
And with neglect into thy vrne will throw
Thy bones without perfumes, careleſſe to know
Whether he buy dull-ſmelling Cinnamum,
Or Caſia corrupt with Cherry-gumme.
Hee'le ſay, What doſt thou idly ſpend thy wealth,
My portion, being in thy perfect Health?
But more; I'me ſure there's thriftie *Beſſus*
Doth preſſe your learneduſt *Grecian* Doctors, thus;
Thus 'tis, ſince your Fond Liberalitie,
Rather [c] emaſculate ſoft Luxurie,
With pepper, dates, and other ware hath come
From your leud *Greece* vnto our Citie *Rome*,
Our very Mowers doe with too much oile
Their ancient wholeſome meate Sawcily ſpoile.
[d] But fearſt theſe things beyond thy Graue? Draw neere,
Thou whoſoere ſhalt be My heire, and heare:
And that into our talke none may intrude,
Let vs retire from the thicke multitude.
My friend, know'ſt not the newes? *Cæſar* hath ſent
A Laurell for a ſigne and ornament
Of his great conqueſt over *Germanie*:
And the cold aſhes which before did lie

Vpon

[c] *Thus, with the moſt accurate Interpreters, I render* Maris Expers, *taking* Maris *for the genitiue caſe of* Mas, *not of* Mare; *For then there were a manifeſt contradiction in the ſenſe; becauſe preſently after, he ſayes, it came from* Greece, *and ſo by conſequent, ouer the* Sea. [d] Perſius *heere anſwers to the obiection, which hee himſelfe brought for the couetous man.*

Vpon the Altars, are now ſwept away:
And with great care and joy [e] *Cæſonia*
Fixeth the conquer'd Kings armour of proofe
And all their weapons to the temples roofe:
Clads all the captiues in a durt-browne freiſe:
Placeth the *Rheni* of a huge vaſt ſize:
And orders all their coaches: Wherefore I
Will bring for this ſo happy victory
[f] To th' Gods and our great Captaines *Genius*
A hundred paire of Fencers. I being thus
Freely diſpos'd, who doth forbid? Dar'ſt Thou?
Woe, if thou yeeld'ſt not. Say, that I'me pleas'd now
Vpon the people to beſtow a doale
Of oile and fleſh-pies: doſt Thou dare controule?
Speake out, and plainly. Why, your land, thou'it ſay,
Is not ſo fat, ſo boneleſſe, but I may,
For any cauſe I ſee, not greatly care,
Whether or noe, you doe make Mee your Heire.
Well then, ſcorne Thou my Loue; yet thus much know:
Enow will be my heire, and thanke me too.
For were none of my fathers ſiſters left:
No couſen-germane: or were I bereft
Of all my vnkle's neece's daughters: ſay,
My mothers ſiſter had di'd barraine: nay,
That none ſprung from my grandame did ſurvive:
Briefely, that not one kinſman were aliue:
Ile goe but to [g] *Boville*, or the [g] hill
Of *Virbius*, where ſtandeth ready ſtill,

[e] *The Emperour* Caligula's *wife makes all things readie for the triumph.* [f] *The* Romans *counted their Fencers-ſhewes and Playes a part of their Religion; as* Turnebus *well obſerues, in his* Adverſ. lib. 39. cap. 7. p. 1093. [g] *Theſe were places not farre from* Rome, *where beggers vſed to aske almes of paſſengers.*

Poore *Mamius:* He ſhall be my heire. [h] What Hee?
A ſonne o' th' Earth? Obſcure? [n] Why aske of Mee,
Who was My Fourth forefather, I can't Well
And Readyly declare; though I Can tell.
But if you 'de know His father, and againe
That fathers father: ſure you muſt remaine
Satisfied thus; That Hee did draw His birth
Immediatly from his mother earth;
And ſo at laſt, you'le finde *Mamius* to bee
By right of kinne, great vnkle vnto Mee.
Yet why at all ſhould'ſt Thou indeede deſire
To be My Heire, when thou might'ſt be My Sire
For Age? and why ſhould'ſt Thou demand of Mee
My torch, when I in [i] courſe runne After Thee?
Yet if thou be my heire, me thinkes, thou ought'ſt
To be content, with what thou never bought'ſt.
I'me *Mercurie*, and come, to Thee, a God,
As Hee is [k] Painted. With a churliſh nod
Scorn'ſt my free offer? Wilt not thou be glad
For what is left? [l] Why, heere's not all You had
Left to You by Your father. [l] True indeed:
Much I did ſpend on mine owne proper need.
But, briefly, this is all is left; which All
I'le Giue to thee; And doe not thou now brawle
Vnkindly with mee: neither aske me where
Is that which *Tadius* left mee: and ne're
Giue mee hard words, as fathers drawing nigh

The

[h] *The interrogation of his covetous heire, and the replie of* Perſius.
[i] *An alluſion to the race celebrated in honour of* Prometheus; *who the firſt running with a torch in his hand, when he was weary, gaue it to the next after him.* [k] *With a purſe of money in his hand.*
[l] *The murmuring obiection of his covetous heire, and the replie of* Perſius.

Their end, doe giue their ſonnes before they die;
Saying, See thou put out the Principall:
And ſpend but of the Vſe: let That bee all.
[m] But yet, What 's Left? [m] What's left? Now lib'rally
Pow're, boy, pow're oile vpon my hearbes. Shall I
Vpon a high feſtivall day, be fed
With a ſod nettle, and a leane ſwine's head
Hung vp i' th' ſmoake by th' eare; vnto the end
This lewd knaue may My goods hereafter ſpend?
And fill'd with dainty jiblets, without ſhame
Lewdly embrace a ſoft *Patrician* dame;
When as his wayward, full-ſwolne, chiding veine,
With an vncertaine luſt doth ſob againe?
Shall I be like the warpe of bare cloath, that
To him a ſtrutting panch may quagge with fat?
[n] Oh, ſell thy Soule for Gaine, to leaue thy heire
Wealthy: and ſo thou getteſt by thy ware,
Ne're care how honeſtly. Sift ev'ry coaſt
Of the whole world, that thou maiſt truely boaſt,
No man feedes fatter *Cappadocian* knaues
In a rough cage, then are Thy luſty ſlaues.
Double thy wealth. [o] Tis done; nay 't has increas'd
Three, foure, ten-fold as much. Yet ſcarce is ceas'd.
And Now, where likewiſe I may reſt, deſigne,
Chryſippus, thou that did'ſt Thy [p] heape confine.

[m] *One murmuring interrogation more of his greedy heire; and the reply of* Perſius *full of indignation.* [o] *A ſatiricall Ironie in the perſon of ſome Third Speaker.* [o] *The anſwere of* Perſius. [p] Sorites, *of which kinde of Argumentation,* Chryſippus *was the Authour.*

THE END OF PERSIVS.

AN APOSTROPHE OF THE TRANSLATOUR to his Authour *Persius*.

THou art Redeem'd, Nor has the Fate of Time
And Vice, seiz'd on thy glory. The Worst crime
Which does o'recloud the Guilty, addes to Thee
A Lustre, which outshines obscurity.
Who thought not, that the Great-borne Spirit of Rome
Had lien o'rewhelm'd in her Last Brutus *tombe?*
Yet did it Not: but did at last bring forth
Thee, the Example of her Ancient worth.
In Whom, had Vesta's *fire by which* Rome *Stood*
Beene out, there might haue yet beene found as good.
Mount then, thou purer fire, and let thy heate
Strongly exhale from their infectious seate
Th' envenom'd fogges of vice, And then inflame
Them, that they may be lights to their Owne shame,
Which, as a Comet, may affright the earth
With horror, at its owne prodigious birth;
And with its darting taile the stearing dread
Vengeance, point out to wrath each guilty head.
Bee thou the Vestall *fire, thy Priest Ile bee,*
And consecrate my vigilance to Thee.
Bee thou th' enlifening Sunne, Ile bee the Earth,
And offer up to Thee this gratefull birth
Of thankes: which thus now giv'n, though straight it Die,
It has liv'd Ages in its Infancie.
Action, not Time, does number age. Who giues

A iuſt praiſe to great Vertues Patrone, liues
Himſelfe by his iuſt Gratitude. Let Spight
Then doe its worſt, and with eternall night,
Labour to clowd my name. Obſcure to lie
With Vertue, is an immortalitie.

THis laſh has but *Sixe* knots: but ſee thou mend;
Or *peradventure* Elſe I ſhall intend
(Although my Angry *Muſe* ſaies Shee will bee
Noe more thus Wit-bound, thus Tongue-tied, not Shee)
To come in Fury; and thee Naked ſtrippe;
And Scourge thee with a *Sixteene*-knotted whippe.

FINIS.